

# *Sketch*

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## Rigging

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# Rigging

K.P. Kaiser

## **Abstract**

I now, in last reflection, scuff the stone And pause in vesper quiet above the sand, For soon I set my sail beyond the strand; This sullen heart to search a milder zone, A distant shore, a place to pain unknown...

open, hitting her in the face. She looked at him with unbelieving, fiery eyes—his face showed almost no emotion. Anger swelled up in her, seared through her. She wanted to lash out—but at what? at whom? She was angry—angry that she was white, that he was Negro—that it made a difference—angry that it mattered to her, that it mattered to him—that they could be friends only if they didn't get too close, only if they didn't touch each other—angry that she couldn't escape it, forget it, blot it out. Her eyes began to burn with tears. She could do nothing, say nothing; she was numb—numb with frustration and anger. Slowly she turned to him and nodded . . . yes . . . she understood.

The air was gray and silent, as if all the world were slowly dying, and they began walking again—each on his own side of the sidewalk.

## Rigging

*by K. P. Kaiser*

*Architecture, Jr.*

I now, in last reflection, scuff the stone  
And pause in vesper quiet above the sand,  
For soon I set my sail beyond the strand;  
This sullen heart to search a milder zone,  
A distant shore, a place to pain unknown.  
In time of silent yesterday I stand  
To muse; my journey set and near at hand,  
That longer would my second will postpone.

Once caught between the full tide and the ebb,  
Now free, in pride alone, to skim the swell  
To some bright beach where plays a magic moon.  
And then to weave again the tender web  
Another maid, another tolling bell,  
Until a sail to set, once more, too soon.